

# Strong Winds Blow

"OH." gosh! It's happened again! Another chair in the student lounge was demolished (broken leg, ripped covering, and smashed cushion) during an innocent game of "tackle" — another lamp lost its shade during a game of "Hide and Go Seek" and can't shine anymore — another ping-pong paddle just lost its outer shell and half its handle — another scar on the ping-pong tables — another ash tray missing and hundreds of cigarette butts scattered on the floor — and on and on could go the list of malicious and destructive acts against the furniture in the student lounge.

What's wrong, students? Are you getting that tired, run-down feeling, and feel the need of some extra-curricular activity? Do you feel that you're in a rut and want to lash out and strike against the forces which suppress your fun-making devices? Do you think you're going to impress the administration or the housekeepers by your ill-mannered tactics of destruction? Do you think that they care how many "butts" you can smash on the floor, or how many slashes you can make in the upholstery, or how many chair legs you can collect? Say fellow, do you really think you're impressing your girlfriend by kicking the ping-pong table and beating the already "beat-up paddles" against the wall?

For your own information, here are a few cues. Last year and the year before that, and the year before that, the student lounge was closed for a period of several weeks because "show off" ignoramuses got noticed — by the wrong people.

The lounge is community property, supposedly for the purpose of leisurely lounging by students. However, the administration has already issued warnings — not too gently — that (to quote from Dean Roberts' proclamation) "if those students using the lounge do not appreciate the facility enough to take upon themselves the control of the destructive minority, then steps will have to be taken to put this ample space to better usage. Certainly you can foresee what must ensue if depredations continue."

The lounge belongs to you buddy, no matter which Dean's List you're on — that is as long as . . . First the strong wind, then the storm!

J. W.

## Let's Chase Rainbows, Or School Spirit

You might say I am the kind of person who tries to define inanimate things, move immovable objects, and chase rainbows. If you should happen to be a rainbow chaser like me, I could use your help — I am trying to define school spirit.

To help you get started, I do know a few things about this inanimate object. The first thing is who — Brevard College students, of course. The "when and where" of school spirit is easy to place — that is, anytime and anywhere that you have the **who**, or the students. I can even make a stab at the **why**: School spirit simply means that Brevard College students are actively (please emphasize **actively**) interested in Brevard College as a whole.

Going to a ball game is a good way, but not necessarily the only way to express school spirit. It may also be found in your answer when a friend asks, "How do you like your school?"

Incidentally, has anyone ever heard of enthusiasm? I certainly hope so, because I have a feeling that it has a lot to do with this rainbow we are chasing.

No, I do not have a perfected recipe for school spirit. If I did, I would be glad to stir up its ingredients.

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## The Black Widow

The "Spyder" spins his web in silence. So shall the Spy who writes this column. The Black Widow steals secretly through the halls of Brevard College's classrooms and dorms seeking news that will be of interest to young and old — married and unmarried, dated and undated. She knows the whos, whens, wheres, hows, and whys of males, females, and faculty members. Her web is no respecter of persons — rich or poor, "A" or "F" student, big wheel or little wheel — she knows the basic, fundamental pulleys that make Brevard tick . . . David Alford and Nancy Mills know — well, anyway, they know . . . Ann Greene knows the power of being a good listener, says Jeffrey Salter . . . Does Pat Otterness really get that scared when Vernon comes to see her? . . . So Bill Burgin is the new assistant coach for the girl's basketball team. Is that right, Mary Lindley? . . . If at first you don't succeed, what then, Dean Bennett?

So it's back to the old grind, huh? Well, it's just two months until spring vacation; so don't despair friends, Romans, and fellow cell-mates! . . .

Baptists seem to enjoy B.S.U. cookouts! Is that right, Gene Beasley? Hamburgers, open-fire place, and plenty of girls seemed to satisfy Artie Ervin and Al Ballew as they entertained at the party! . . .

. . . Mr. and Mrs. Cantrell could probably write their own choice column with the odds-and-ends

they learned as chaperons for the event . . . Jeannie Cleary has found her purpose in life — a paper-doll cutter-outer . . .

The management of Varner's Drugstore announces that a new shipment of swimming caps is on its way. So a swimming pool does bring results . . .

Who's who on campus? The whos are those fortunate few with dates for the Valentine Dance. What's wrong, guys? Have you got cold feet or an empty pocketbook? There's a dorm full of charming girls who don't care whether they have a flower or not. Besides, some of them can even dance! . . . So the love of money is the root to all evil!

Miss Sally Maynard is coaching the boy's swimming team. Word was out that Mr. Tauscher taught the class and ten boys showed. Sally changed all that! She is now the proud instructor of 21 devoted followers (swimmers, that is).

Sophomores received a pleasant surprise on registration day when Mr. Frank Harvin, former history professor at Brevard, dropped in to say "Hi." Mr. Harvin spent two days in Brevard during his visit. He is now teaching at extension centers of the University of South Carolina, Aiken, and Lancaster.

"The love begins when she sinks into his arms and often ends with her arms in the sink (Harris) . . ." "Terrible situation. So be it (Fisher) . . ."

The Black Widow will be around, so Beware!

## Letters to the Editor

Dear Miss West,

For the information of those students who may have become aware of my concern regarding athletic recruiting practice at Clemson, I would be very grateful if you would publish this letter.

Upon receipt of an explanatory letter from Coach H. C. (Pee Wee) Greenfield, I have apologized to him for interpreting the transfer of one of our students at mid-year as the result of unethical recruiting procedures.

Sincerely yours,  
John B. Bennett

Dear Sponsors,

How have you been? Did you get our former letter yet? We accepted your kind letter. I

imagine you who may be studying hard always. I'm glad that my picture and letter were published in your college newspaper, while I feel shy somewhat.

It's awfully cold over here in Seoul, and the persons pass by with their bodies shrunk. It may be quite cold over there also. I'm in my winter vacation, and am studying hard at home these days. My disease is completely cured.

Imagining brilliant streets over there I compare them with the streets of Seoul often. Young children go skating, carrying their skates over their shoulders.

I'll try to write you soon next time. I pray for your good health and happiness, saying good-bye to you.

Sincerely yours,  
Yung Hwan

## Wits Of West

By JOYCE WEST

He loves me, he loves me not. The custom of sending "valentines" or love tokens, usually anonymously, to one's beloved owes its origin to the conventional medieval belief that it was at the beginning of the second month of the year that the birds began to mate.

There is available in any corner drugstore or dime store (since Christmas, no less) a wide selection of cards which can convey any and every lover's message — from the youngest lover to the veteran. For example, there's the type for a little boy who says to his first love: "Dear Jane, I love you because you are more like a boy than any girl I've ever known. Love, John."

Then there's the outdoor type which says: "Dear Clementine, I'll give you all of my fishing worms, my corkscrews, and half of my candy if you'll be my valentine — but no kissing. Love, David."

Of course, the universal lover prefers the more grown-up, romantic versions which say nothing binding on the card, but imply that the receiver is his "one and only." Perhaps it would go like this: "Oh, my darling, how much I love you but we can't get married until you get a raise"

Any way you want to say it . . . valentines are here to stay!

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## A Poet Dies

By GAIL PILARSKI

Tuesday morning, January 29, one of America's foremost poets passed away in a hospital in Boston. Robert Frost, immortalized for his "Birches", "Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening", "Mending Wall", "Death of the Hired Man" and many other works, has received the Pulitzer Prize for poetry four times.

Frost was born in San Francisco in 1874. His father was a New Englander and his mother a Scott. After his father's death, Frost and his mother returned to New England and he attended a public school in Lawrence, Massachusetts. He began work in a textile mill after spending a year at Dartmouth. Later he attended Harvard for a time, taught school and began writing.

Frost was writing and publishing poems long before he received any real recognition for his works. At first, his verse was so unlike the contemporary style that editors almost unanimously rejected it. Possibly the first recognition he received was a letter from Maurice Thompson, Indiana poet and novelist, who, after having read one of Frost's poems in a newspaper, advised him to seek a more profitable occupation.

Unaccepted in the United States, Frost sold his farm and went to England. The English people were first to call him "poet" and to recognize his works. In 1914 he was made famous by the publication of **North of Boston**.

Frost thought of himself as a poet of the people and such he truly was. His poetry was written in the language of the common man which masked the depth of his thought and feeling. Frost himself described his poetry best when he said, "A poem begins in delight and ends in wisdom."

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